THE DAILY BEE.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

All communications relating to news and editorial matter should be addressed to the EDITOR OF THE BEE.

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All business letters and remittances should be addressed to THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OMAHA. Drafts, checks and postoffice orders to be made payable to the order of the company.

The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietors.

E. ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

THE DAILY BEE.

Sworn Statement of Circulation.

State of Nebraska, County of Douglass, } s. s.

Geo. B. Tzschuck, secretary of The Bee Publishing company, does solemnly swear that the actual circulation of the Daily Bee for the week ending Dec. 30, 1887, was as follows:

Saturday, Dec. 24	15,450
Sunday, Dec. 25	15,000
Monday, Dec. 26	15,400
Tuesday, Dec. 27	14,975
Wednesday, Dec. 28	14,950
Thursday, Dec. 29	15,030
Friday, Dec. 30	15,010
Average	15,116

GEO. B. TZSCHUCK.

Sworn to and subscribed in my presence this 2d day of January, A. D., 1888. N. P. FEIL, Notary Public.

State of Nebraska, County of Douglass, } s. s.

Geo. B. Tzschuck, being first duly sworn, deposes and says that he is secretary of The Bee Publishing company, that the actual average daily circulation of the Daily Bee for the month of January, 1887, 16,259 copies; for February, 1887, 14,178 copies; for March, 1887, 14,400 copies; for April, 1887, 14,316 copies; for May, 1886, 14,227 copies; for June, 1887, 14,147 copies; for July, 1887, 14,093 copies; for August, 1887, 14,151 copies; for September, 1887, 14,349 copies; for October, 1887, 14,453; for November, 1887, 15,226 copies; for December, 1887, 15,041 copies.

GEO. B. TZSCHUCK.

Sworn and subscribed to in my presence this 2d day of January, A. D. 1888. N. P. FEIL, Notary Public.

LAMAR's age is evidently destined to go "ringing down the grooves of time" in company with the query as to who struck Billy Patterson and other unsolved problems of existence.

THE plumbing inspector has been instructed by the board of health to carefully inspect all the plumbing in the city. Was it necessary to instruct him to do what he is hired and paid to do?

ITALY proposes to order steel plates for its war vessels from an American firm. Now let us return the compliment and order some war ships from Italy that will not sink at the sight of an oyster drag.

SOMETIME in the dim and distant future a speaker of the house may arise whose chairmanship appointments will please everybody But we will have had many millions of years of experience as angels by that time.

ST. JOHN declares tobacco to be a vile weed; the Massachusetts courts pronounce it a drug; Mr. Blaine refers to it as a necessity and smokers say it is mostly cabbage. Tobacco is rapidly becoming an economic enigma.

KANSAS CITY claims to have an actual property valuation of $200,000,000. Its assessed valuation last year was $75,000,000. At that ratio Omaha should have an assessed valuation of about $40,000,000. If the assessed valuation is doubled the levy can be reduced to eleven mills.

THE "golden goose," hitherto regarded as a myth, has materialized into reality in Minnesota. A citizen of that state living near Lanesboro last week killed several of his flock and found gold in the crop of each. It is supposed the geese picked up the precious metal in the creek near by, and gold fever has become epidemic in the vicinity.

MAYOR HEWITT, of New York, who is troubled with chronic sleeplessness and therefore inclined to be irritable, spoke rather testily about organized labor at a dinner given by the board of trade and transportation recently. His remarks were not allowed to pass unchallenged, and he has confessed in a couple of letters that he did not mean what he said. He goes so far in his retraction as to say that labor unions are very good in their way, and even recommends "resistance on the part of workmen through union, and if necessary, through the aid of other unions of workmen." A politician who can't sleep well should weigh his words carefully. Too many retractions may be the death of him, politically speaking.

THE remarkable easy escape of Harry Hall, a life prisoner, from the Nebraska penitentiary, is a matter that should be thoroughly investigated. He had committed two murders. Yet he was made a "trusty" soon after his incarceration in prison. Every effort had been made by his father, a prominent and wealthy citizen of St. Joseph, Mo., to secure his pardon, but without success. A few days before young Hall's escape his father visited the penitentiary. The question now is how did the prisoner gain his liberty? Was it through pure negligence on the part of the authorities, or was there some boodle in the case? Certain it is that Hall simply walked out of the prison. His departure was not made known until he had got half an hour's start. No trace of him has yet been discovered. The whole affair is, to say the least, very suspicious.

Two nights ago, when the wires were sadly out of gear and specials to the Omaha papers were belated, the *Herald's* grapevine brought the news that Congressman McShane had been made chairman of the committee on public buildings. Taking it for granted that this gratifying piece of news had been wired to Mr. McShane's paper ahead of all rivals, the BEE congratulated Omaha on having a representative placed in a position where he could promote the new public building project most successfully. It now turns out that Mr. McShane is not chairman of the committee, although he is one of its members. The next time the *Herald* manufactures Washington dispatches in the home office it should be careful not to allow its inventive genius to venture too far into the field of fiction. We do like enterprise, but when the wires are down it is safer to use the shears on late Chicago papers.

Where Do They Stand?

What position does Nebraska's delegation in congress propose to assume on the paramount issue of tariff reform? This is a question which the citizens of a great agricultural state are putting to themselves, and to which they are awaiting a reply.

Every farmer who has studied the issue and has settled with himself that his unprotected corn and wheat are raised at an annual cost greater by many dollars than need be except for the iniquities of the tariff, is anxiously expecting relief from the present session of congress. He knows enough to know that from the clothing which he wears, the lumber which makes his home, his barn and fences, the commonest utensils of every-day use in his home and the implements of his farm—everything which enters into the cost of production—is affected by the tariff and enhanced in price by its operations. He finds the price of his produce regulated by the Liverpool market and the price of every other commodity which he uses regulated by the tariff tax which he, in common with 60,000,000 other American citizens, is forced to pay. He finds his farm and those of his neighbors plastered over with mortgages held by eastern protected manufacturers, and looks in vain for the money of western farmers invested in eastern notes. He protests against the exorbitant freight rates charged to carry his produce to the seaboards and is confronted with the argument that a tariff tax of $17 a ton has made the laying of steel rails and railroading upon them in 1887 cost $13,000,000 more than if they were as free from protection as the farmers' wheat. In short he discovers that the war tax iniquity, maintained not to protect American industry but to compel exorbitant profits for the benefits of American capitalists, is a double-edged sword, increasing the cost of production and decreasing the price of the farmers' products.

Nebraska is overwhelmingly in favor of a radical reduction of the tariff, adjusted to the revenue necessities of the government. It would so have declared in its last republican convention had not the unanimous report of its committee on resolutions been met by the combined antagonism of divergent interests on behalf of other disturbing problems. The hard working farmers and tradesmen and clerks and professional men of this great commonwealth represent ninety-nine one hundreths of its population. The industries presumably affected by the tariff tax are too insignificant to weigh in the scale as against the vastly preponderating influence of those who derive little or no benefit from the war tariff.

Does Nebraska's delegation in congress propose to voice the wishes of the state which they were elected to represent? Will Senators Manderson and Paddock, and Representatives Laird and Dorsey and McShane be found fighting lustily and earnestly for an honest revision of the tariff? Cheap whisky and tobacco will not meet the issue. Revenue reduction without a tax reduction which shall decrease the cost of living and place the eastern capitalist on an equal footing with the western farmer in the struggle for life will not be accepted in Nebraska as a solution of the problem.

Where does Nebraska's delegation stand?

Republican Disaffection.

This is a most inauspicious time for republicans to quarrel among themselves. The contest which is to determine whether the democratic party is to remain in possession of the executive branch of the government or be displaced will be no holiday affair. The well-entrenched democracy will spare no effort to repeat the victory of 1884, and every reasonable man will admit that it is at least as well-equipped for achieving success this year as it was then. Granting that the party has lost in character during the nearly three years of its administration of the government, by reason of its failure to fulfil the pledges it made to the people, it has on the other hand acquired the vast power that inheres in the control of the offices, and no sensible man will doubt that this power will be employed for all it is worth. Civil service rules and executive orders will not be thought of in the heat of battle. Every democrat in office will be found in the thick of the fight, and promises of reward, with the means at hand to repay service if victory is won, will rally the party as one man in support of the effort to hold its grasp on power. Against this puissant army, harmonized by the possession and the hope of spoils, the republican party must array itself in an unbroken line or fight a hopeless contest. Disaffection in its ranks, however trifling, will be dangerous. It will be necessary that every republican shall be at his post in the final onset, that harmony shall prevail all along the line, and that unity of sentiment and purpose shall actuate the entire force. Otherwise victory will be impossible, and defeat may be so overwhelming as to amount to disaster.

Having this necessity in view, the disaffection that has appeared among republicans in New York and Ohio, growing out of the organization of branches of the legislatures in those states, cannot be regarded without some concern by all who hope for republican success next November. In New York a combination against General Husted, who was a candidate for re-election as speaker of the house, defeated him, and elevated to that position Fremont Cole. It is difficult to determine, from the contradictory views of the New York newspapers, whether this action was the result of a desire on the part of a majority of the republican members of the house to reform the party methods, or was directed by the machine interest that is understood to be largely cared for by Mr. Tom Platt, of "me too" fame. But in any event the defeated candidate, an adroit and aggressive politician, with a considerable following, is in openly proclaimed hostility to the successful element and threatens to sooner or later square accounts with the men he holds responsible for his defeat. Here, then, is a breach in the most important section of the republican forces, and it is quite as likely to widen as to close. Its immediate effect is to strengthen the confidence of the democracy and to more firmly unite them. With republicans quarreling in the very citadel on whose ground all admit the battle of 1888 will be decided, why should not democrats and their allies feel more hopeful and cling more closely together? In Ohio a number of republican senators, dissatisfied with the action of the caucus, bolted and gave their support to the democratic candidate. The name of Senator Sherman has been mixed up unfavorably with this extraordinary proceeding, of course unjustly. But a schism has been created, and as the bolters are being mercilessly lashed by most of the republican papers of the state, they may be expected to seek some way of revenge. Ohio may be regarded as safely republican, and yet the party in that state can hardly fail to be weakened by this occurrence, which very likely might have been prevented by the exercise of a little wisdom and the spirit of compromise.

Inconsequential as these circumstances might be under ordinary conditions, they assume a serious significance on the eve of a contest in which the party affected by them cannot afford any weakening of its forces or any diversion of its support. Republicans ought to clearly see that the success of their party this year is possible only through keeping its forces intact, avoiding dissension within its ranks, and by courageously going forward on the lines of its pledges to the country, commending itself to the support of those whose party affiliations are not yet established.

THE farmers' alliance of Nebraska, at its recent session in Columbus, adopted a resolution urging the election to public offices of men who are in favor of radical reform in our financial system and our incorporated industrial organizations. The alliance was wisely prudent in the expression of its views, not wishing to say anything that could be given a political construction, but there is no difficulty in determining from what it did say the prevailing sentiment among the farmers of Nebraska regarding the leading issue of the time. These men, a large majority of them republicans, want relief from the exactions of the high tariff. They have an entirely intelligent idea of the situation, and they know full well that the present tariff works an injustice to them. They are not hostile to American industries, but on the contrary desire that they shall be preserved, fostered and increased. They are not unfriendly to labor, being themselves among the hardest of laborers, but on the other hand are in full sympathy with the interests and welfare of all workingmen. They have learned, however, as the result mainly of a patient experience, that the present high tariff brings them no advantage, but is instead a heavy burden steadily growing more oppressive; that it is not necessary to the preservation of any industry, and that the claim of its being an advantage to labor is not sustained by the facts. Nebraska's representatives in congress will do well to consider the mild yet still significant expression of Nebraska's farmers.

THERE is a very warm contest among aspiring republicans in the Eleventh congressional district of Michigan for the seat made vacant by the death of Congressman Moffatt. There are at least half a dozen gentlemen who have proclaimed their willingness to represent the district, among them Mr. Jay Hubbell, notorious in connection with political contributions, and who formerly represented this district in congress. It is not believed, however, that the republicans will take the great risk of defeat by nominating Hubbell, particularly as they have other much superior material. It is a republican district, but if there should be a hot war among candidates in the convention and consequent factional antagonisms created, the election of a democrat would not be improbable. The chief significance of such a result would be that it would render the delegation of Michigan in the house a tie politically, so that if the next presidential election should be thrown into the house that state would not vote. Further than this it would tie the states in the house. There is extremely little probability of the election of the next president devolving upon the house, but it is possible, and therefore gives a certain interest to speculation regarding the outcome of this congressional contest.

IT might be supposed that self-interest would impel the managers of Iowa railroads to provide sufficient rolling stock to meet the demand, but for several months the supply of cars on these lines has been inadequate, and no effort, or very little, has been made to furnish the transportation required. This state of affairs is proving a very serious matter to the farmers of northwestern Iowa. One of the chief articles they ship is baled hay, and it is said the farmers do not get half the number of cars they need for shipping. Thousands of dollars of mortgages are just due in this part of Iowa and they are at the mercy of the collectors and attorneys. If collections are enforced it will create a panic, as the farmers have, as a rule, received credit during the season and perhaps borrowed money to get along with, with the expectation of a market for the hay and chances for shipment. The farmers are of course helpless so long as the railroads choose to adhere to their damaging and outrageous policy, but the people who suffer from this cruel indifference to their welfare should not forget it and await, with what patience they can, for their opportunity to get some form of redress for the abuse and loss they are now subjected to.

THE farmers of the entire country will be interested in a decision just rendered by Judge Shiras, of the Iowa supreme court, which will probably terminate the existence of the barb wire fence monopoly. A suit was brought by the Washburn-Moen company against a manufacturing concern at Waterloo, Iowa, for infringement. In the trial it was shown that the important features of the barb wire fence have for years been public property. It was proved that the original inventor was one Alvin Morley, an eccentric genius who ended his days in an insane asylum. He exhibited a section of barb wire fence as early as 1859 at a country fair held at Delhi, Delaware county, and witnesses were produced who were fully cognizant of this circumstance, one of them, a blacksmith, who made the tools with which Morley twisted the wire about the barbs. The question as to priority of invention and abandonment to the public was conclusive, and the decision of Judge Shiras in effect declared the barb wire-fence monopoly to be a hollow shell, without a single right to exact the tribute it has been taking from the farmers of the country. Of course the monopoly will carry the case to the supreme court of the United States, but with the insurmountable evidence against its claim it can hope for nothing at the hands of that tribunal.

STATE AND TERRITORY.

Nebraska Jottings.

Norfolk has celebrated and dedicated her street railway.

There are 4,426 head of cattle fattening in Nance county.

The Blair state bank, capital $100,000, has been incorporated.

Omaha takes care of the pork of the state while Lincoln takes care of the pen.

Nebraska City's street railway threatens to bloom in the spring.

Albion has clinched a bargain for a seventy-five barrel flour mill.

The fire-scourged court house at Fremont is to be patched up and painted.

The York county court house, a splendid building, costing $75,000, will be ready for occupancy next month.

The postoffice authorities have decided to put mail cars on the Hastings branch of the Elkhorn Valley road.

Red Oak and adjoining townships in Iowa offer $75,000 in bonds and right of way to the proposed Lincoln, Red Oak & Des Moines road.

The total enrollment of Wahoo schools is 538. Seven of them were brought up with the gad last term, but the teachers were not rewarded with a raise of salary

Nebraskans can afford to keep moderately cool and send a chinook of cheer to the frigid regions of Montana, where spirit thermometers record 52 degrees below zero.

The Plattsmouth street car has suspended. An unexpected assessment on local stockholders for fodder for the mule broke their hearts and shattered the motive power.

The Crete Globe rejoices "as a Nebraska paper, in the growth and improvements which Omaha is making. We propose to do our hurrahing for Omaha at every opportunity."

Dakota county sports two treasurers. Straws failed to work there. Wilkeson holds the fort and Daney is knocking for admission. A season of warm litigation will set in immediately.

The ghosts of Wynka's empty treasury still haunts the aldermanic halls of Nebraska City. The living cuss and discuss, and lie with less grace than the occupants of the disputed grounds.

The McCook Tribune has discovered that this is truly an age of trusts and combinations and monopolies and of whatsoever maketh the heart of the poor sad and his pocket book lean and empty."

The West Point Progress continues to bank on the Omaha & Yankton road and stirs the moss on the back of the metropolis by showing that Chicago and St. Paul are waxing fat on fodder that rightfully belongs to her.

Colonel Will Visscher gave the people of Falls City his sixty minute war experience Saturday night. The dashing colonel omitted his thrilling raid on the cross-roads of Illinois with a quartette of beer-skinned coons.

The mail carrier system has been in operation in Beatrice for three months and has proven a great convenience to the public. The number of pieces of mail delivered in that time was 38,429, and 12,405 pieces were collected.

Among the notable society events in Nemaha county this year was cementing, matrimonially, of Mr. Isaac L. Plaster and Miss Grace Paris. The union of Plaster-Paris will doubtless prove a lasting arrangement.

Buttsfield, the Palmyra poisoner, celebrated his honeymoon by dosing his father and mother and planting them on the hillside. His nervous haste in relieving his wife of legalized parents entitles him to the pomp and ceremony of Hoffman's rope walk.

An enterprising Omaha undertaker and "funeral director" advises the people of Sarpy county to prepare for the inevitable, and to call on him "when in need of a coffin or shroud." A procession of customers in "need" of such garments would swell with joy the bosom of a cemetery.

The Schuyler Sun has trained its brightest beams on a group of forty lonesome bachelors, for the convenience and comfort of leap year girls. The meek and melancholy, the defiant and indifferent stand in a row, ready for the sacrifice. It is hoped the ladies will be moderate and merciful.

Mr. M. A. Daugherty, a well known Cretan and retired journalist, collided unexpectedly and feelingly with an icy sidewalk, and came out of the ruins with a broken ankle. The injury is painful and will keep Matt housed for some weeks. It will also enable him to clip and cash his coupons, a duty much neglected of late.

The retired statesmen of Gage county are killing time and a limited number of constituents with poetry. The passionate verses of Brigadier Colby have called from Major Griggs a tureen of metrical soup labelled "A Thirty Years' Dream." The feeling is wide spread that the major when thoroughly awake will unhorse the brigadier.

The Plattsmouth Journal condenses a volume of experience and information in the following: "For the other half of a courting match there is nothing like a widow. There's as much difference between courting a damsel and an attractive widow as there is in ciphering in addition and double rule of three. Courting a girl is like eating fruit—all very nice as far as it extends; but doing the agreeable to a blue-eyed bereaved comes under the head of preserves—rich, pungent, syrupy. For delicious courting, we repeat, give us a live widder.

The North Bend Flail comes down heavily on all grades of cattle herded in Fremont, frequently from necessity, but generally from force of habit. The Flail analyzes the annual statement of the Fremont cremery and proves that the concern is stealing not only the substance but the hides of the cows of Dodge county. The creamery produced last year 491,696 pounds of butter, valued at $147,508. The total expenses were $87,000, leaving a net profit of $60,510, or over 40 per cent on the money invested. The fight is a family affair and the figures are given to show the merits of the combatants.

Iowa Items.

Sioux City has received positive assurances of a union depot to cost $100,000.

A farmer near Cherokee has lost $2,000 worth of hogs within three weeks from some unknown disease.

In their search for gamblers Atlantic policemen find prominent business men engaged in the labyrinthian mysteries of faro and poker.

Judge Connor issued thirty-one injunctions and revoked four permits in Carroll county at the recent term of court in that county.

The gentlemen of Atlantic honored the advent of leap year by keeping open house and giving the ladies the privilege of calling. The invitation was generally accepted.

A bill for a wagon bridge over the Mississippi at Burlington has been introduced in the senate by Senator Wilson, and a similar bill will be offered in the house by Governor Gear.

At Dubuque during the month of December the sales of stamps and stamped envelopes were the largest of any one month in the history of the postoffice, showing a business at the rate of $50,000 to $60,000 per year.

Commissioner Coffin has gone to Chicago to see if the railroad companies cannot produce cars as they are needed for shipment of grain from northwestern Iowa. Other parts of the state are not so bad off for cars, as there is less surplus grain to ship.

Dakota.

The first stage coach reached Deadwood September 5, 1876; previous to that time private parties delivered letters at 10, 25 and 50 cents each.

Dakota has already shipped 25,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Coal and tin are what Rapid City people mostly talk about.

The Watertown Courier, with much enthusiasm, says: "Dakota will soon be able to supply her own markets with coal, and then we can snap our fingers in the faces of the extortionate coal barons of the east."

The Sioux Falls druggists have published a notice declaring that they will not sell intoxicating liquors of any kind except upon the written prescription of a physician, and agree mutually with each other that any one who shall violate the agreement shall be prosecuted by the others.

A MINING CAMP PREACHER.

Thrilling Experience in the Career of Rev. Thomas Uzzell.

Denver Correspondent New York World: The best-known mining-camp preacher in Colorado is Rev. Thomas A. Uzzel. He was pastor of the Methodist church at Leadville during the great carbonate excitement, and has experienced more of the wild and rugged scenes of life than probably any preacher in the United States.

He was born at Lebanon, Ill., in 1848, and was a wild, reckless youth. He was a great dancer, horse racer, and when attending camp meetings would fill his pockets with corn and peas to throw at the worshippers. At the age of twenty-one he changed his manner of life, but could neither read nor write, and his only earthly possessions were a span of mules. In 1875 he was graduated from Asbury university, Indiana. The first four years at college he sawed wood for his board and the last two years he made his expenses by using a razor, as he was later in preaching and handling the toughs in the mining camps. He was ordained by Bishop Simpson in 1876, and sent to Fairplay, Col., in the fall of 1877. he went to Leadville, that mining camp then having about 500 inhabitants, and was just beginning that wonderful excitement that attracted the attention of the whole world. The rush was just beginning and the young parson that first night in Leadville slept in a dry goods box.

The next morning he started out among the saloons and gambling dens, inviting the inmates to church. They were polite, but laughed at the idea of going to church. They invited him to take a hand at poker or try a deal at faro, and some wanted him to be social and take a drink. But there was a crowded audience in the little improvised cabin church that night, the ceiling of which was only six feet high. In speaking of the event Mr. Uzzell said to the writer. "Every seat was taken. The rear of the cabin, the aisles up to where I stood were filled, and when the hat was passed for the collection it was shoved through a rude window to the large crowd on the outside to give them an opportunity to put in something. There had been preaching before in California Gulch, but this was the first sermon in Leadville after it became known by that name. Men were standing up within two feet of me; and right in front, where I could lay my hands on them, stood two burly Irishmen smoking their pipes. I made some reference to Mr. Beecher's theology, whereupon one of the Irishmen, nudging his friend and puffing at at his pipe, said: 'Hist, Pat, he be after yer moin,' for it would seem that Pat was an admirer of Mr. Beecher. I quieted them down, and again touching on the same topic, the Irishman again nudged his friend, saying: 'Eh, Pat, look out, the parson is after yer moin agin.'

The next day Mr. Uzzell went again among the miners to raise money to build a church and met with a liberal response, but he wanted more and again started for the gambling dives. Saloon men, gamblers, sporting women—all gave something. In one saloon the proprietor said that he would not give any money but would donate a ten gallon keg of fine whisky, the proceeds of which could go to the proposed new church, and seemed a little chagrined that Mr. Uzzell would not accept the gift. But quite a collection was realized in this saloon, whereupon one of the number, who was about half drunk, invited Mr. Uzzell to take a drink. Mr. Uzzell refused, the gambler became offended and said, "We have done the fair thing by the parson, and now he must drink with us." The gambler then threatened to fight, and just as Mr. Uzzell was in the act of pulling off his coat to defend himself the bartender leaped over the bar and swore that, if necessary, he would take a hand in the affair himself, for "if Mr. Uzzell didn't want to drink he needn't," and quiet was again restored.

"One of the most notorious dance-hall men," said Mr. Uzzell, "was shot in 1878 and I was called to attend the funeral. I was afraid that I had not preached plain enough to the people of this class hitherto, although I had always tried to do my duty as a Christian minister, and on this occasion I preached the Gospel square at them. As was customary on such occasions all the gambling-houses were closed, and there were about one hundred and fifty of the sporting element at the funeral. At the close of the sermon I expected to have a little trouble, for I laid down the Gospel pretty hard on them. But imagine my surprise when the partner of the dead man came up, in the presence of them all, and with tears flowing down his face said, 'Well, Tom, you gave us h—l, but I guess we needed it. Here's a ten-dollar bill.'"

During the same year, while attending a funeral on Fryer hill, whisky was served quite freely, and as the crowd was beginning to feel quite jolly and became boisterous, Mr. Uzzell's sermon was cut short by having to interfere and aid in quelling a general fight which was taking place.

Mr. Uzzell had many amusing incidents marrying people, and as the marriage laws were loose, but little was required in the way of questions to make everything satisfactory. One day a German, with rather a good-looking middle-woman leaning on his arm, entered the preacher's study.

"I have just been let out of jail," said the man, "and borrowed a saw and buck and went in search of work. When I asked this woman here by my side for a job she said she had no money to hire a man, being a poor widow woman. I told her I would saw the wood and take her for pay, and she said 'all right,' and here we are now to get married, but I haint no money, parson, to pay the bill."

Mr. Uzzell married the couple and paid the recorder's fee out of his own pocket.

On another occasion a gambler and sport named Charley Smith, and a fortune-teller known as Mme. La Prue, who had made quite a fortune in that line of business, entered his study to have the marriage ceremony performed. After the usual questions had been satisfactorily answered he requested them to stand, and then turning to the woman he said: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy lawful and wedded husband, and wilt thou love, honor and keep him"—

"Hold on, parson," exclaimed the woman, "I'll be derned if I'll keep any man."

Mr. Uzzell then explained to her that it meant that she should love her husband, take care of him in sickness and gave a general explanation of the marriage vows. But she was obdurate and refused to be married unless the ceremony was performed after her own wishes, which Mr. Uzzell refused to do.

"Parson, you have lost just $50 by not marrying me the way I wanted," exclaimed the woman as she ordered her carriage and drove away. The man was worried, but the woman was not.

In 1879 Mr. Uzzell was visited by Rev. Dr. Warren, now Bishop Warren, of the Methodist Episcopal church, and Chaplain McCabe. One evening there was a quick, sharp rap at the door, and a moment later a rough-looking fellow entered. "Parson," said the stranger, "I've come to ax you ter marry one of the boys way down thar in a tent." Bishop Warren and Chaplain McCabe asked to accompany, as they desired to see a mining camp wedding, and their request was granted. They started out for the tent, the stranger leading the way. When about fifty feet from the house the venerable mother of the mountain preacher came to the door and shouted out:

"Oh, Tom! You forgot your revolver."

Mr. Uzzell, thinking nothing strange of the occurrence, returned to his house for the weapon, and a moment later rejoined his reverend friends from the east. They were both amased at what they had seen and heard, and one of them exclaimed:

"Why, brother Uzzell, do missionaries carry pistols in Leadville?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Uzzell. "When I go out after dark I carry a revolver in one pocket and a prayer book in the other."

There was a great deal of trouble in the early days at Leadville over lot jumping. Mr. Uzzell had obtained four lots for a Methodist church, and three of them were still vacant. These lots were jumped, and Mr. Uzzell later found the jumper unloading logs on them to build a cabin. The preacher ordered the jumper to remove the logs, but the latter swore he would not, and Mr. Uzzell, pulling off his coat, prepared to defend his church property, and, squaring himself in the attitude af John L. Sullivan, said to the jumper, who was just beginning to unload more logs:

"If you get off that wagon I will thrash you."

"Parson, you wouldn't fight, would you?" replied the jumper.

"I don't want to fight, but if you put another log on this lot I will thrash you, or you will me."

"Well, what do you want done?"

"Drive away with the load of logs you now have and then haul off the others already on the lot."

The lot jumper complied with the request, for a parson with his coat off threatening a fight was something he had not counted on.

"Did you have any fights in Leadville?"

"No," replied Mr. Uzzell, "I always bluffed them out and don't know what I should have done if some fellow had taken me up. But my experience with the lot jumper was a great help to me, as it gave all the impression that I would not allow anyone to impose upon me or the church. This reputation enabled me to keep good order in the church. Some times a tough fellow would start a row in the rear of the church and I would request the boys to put him out, and always found enough to stand by me. And while they were doing this I would have the congregation sing 'A charge to keep I have' or something like that until quiet was restored."

"Did you ever see any lynchings?"

"Yes, the hanging of Frodsham, the lot jumper, and Stuart, the foot-pad, who were strung up by the vigilantes. A member of the church came to me during the afternoon and seriously asked me if I thought it was wrong to engage in a lynching bee, stating the case. The camp was very wild then and lawlessness was getting the upper hand, and I told him that under the circumstances a lynching might be productive of much good, but it was a strange question for a man to ask a minister. He went away and about 2 o'clock that night I received a message saying 'come on, parson, if you want to see the fun, for it will soon begin.' I hastened over and arrived just as they were stringing up Frodsham and Stuart."

"Many amusing things occurred in my Leadville study," continued Mr. Uzzell. "I was always there Monday mornings to meet people who called. One Monday morning I saw a man making straight for my door. He was in a great hurry. I thought to myself, 'Well, there is a fellow I hit in my sermon last night. He is probably from an eastern home, became dissipated and now wishes to reform.' With these thoughts in my mind, I turned to my bible to have a text ready for him. He bolted right into the study room, crying as though his heart would break. I began to talk to him, giving him christian advice, when he broke in saying, 'Et's not that, parson, that I want. A — — — — has run off with my girl and can't you help me get her back? If I catch that — — — — I will kill him. I loved that girl back in Ohio, followed her out here, causing my people to cut me off, and now to think that some — — — — — has run off with her. Yes, I will kill him if I find him.' I found that texts of Scripture did him no good owing to his violent condition, and further told him that I could not assist him in finding his girl. That fellow was mad and broken-hearted."

"What were some of your most interesting services?"

"I used to preach to the men at the Moose Mine on top of Mount Lincoln, far above the timber line. More attentive audiences I never had than those miners, and the collections taken up would sometimes average a dollar for every man present. But when in Leadville every congregation was a wonderful audience. I think, though, that the most thrilling scene I ever witnessed was when preaching the funeral sermon of the child of an outcast. I will never forget it.

"It came about this way. One day a woman named Maggie Mays, who ran one of the most notorious houses in Leadville, came to me and said that the baby of one of her girls was dead, and asked me to attend the funeral. I replied that I would do so, whereupon she said she had another favor to ask. 'What is it?' I quired. 'Can we have the funeral in the church?' she asked, and I told her she could.' There were fifty women at the funeral, all of them richly attired in black silk dresses. The floral decorations ordered from Denver were handsome, as they always are at funerals conducted by this class. I. N. Rogers, now coroner here at Denver, and myself, were the only men present Those women, hardened as they were, all cried like children as I talked to them. I talked plainly, too, telling them there was a heaven to gain and a hell to shun. I talked to them of their mothers in eastern homes, who possibly did not know the lives some of them were leading. I never saw a more thrilling scene in a church. There was not a dry eye in the house. I stood there in the pulpit crying like a child myself while talking to them, and the undertaker cried a little, too. Old thoughts and memories seemed to have been recalled by those women of sin, and the scene was a most affecting one. I often attended the funerals of women of that class, and time and time again have ridden through the streets to a funeral with one sitting each side of me. They came to me to bury their dead, and I never refused an outcast a funeral. I buried but few church members in Leadville, but funerals were numerous in the early days there. I have attended as many as six funerals in one day.

"As to letters," continued Mr. Uzzell, "I received them from every state and territory in the union, from all the great cities, and even from foreign lands and the islands of the sea, asking about husbands and sons, who had followed the mad rush to Leadville. Many of these were from mothers asking about absent sons. C. C. Davis, now of the Leadville Press, and Colonel John Arkins, now manager of the Rocky Mountain News, Denver, were in Leadville then, and as they frequently published my sermons, and always made the church news a prominent feature, many thus learned my address. Some of these letters, and I often received a dozen in a day, contained piteous appeals to look after husbands and sons, and guard them against the temptations of the wild life that prevailed there. Some of those husbands and sons never returned, but are sleeping in Leadville's silent city."

Many a sick and dying gambler and dance-hall girl has the preacher visited in sinks of vice, and one never tires listening to the incidents of the shadows of life of that great mining-camp as he saw them. He went everywhere in his work, and there never was a word of reproach or a blemish cast by any one upon the character of Thomas Uzzell. He is now pastor of the People's Tabernacle, Denver, under the supervision of the Home Missionary society of New York.